

# V©LT!

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Dear Sirs,

No doubt you have been anxiously awaiting my letter for some time, and as such I must apologize. Please forgive my delay, I assure you it has everything to do with the sudden Sh©ck of if all on my part (no pun intended), and is in no way to be interpreted as dissatisfaction -- in any way -- for the services that you have loyally and faithfully provided in years past.

Perhaps, it would be best if backed up a bit.

I did not know that my uncle was Sir Walter Thoondahr. In fact, I was not aware that I even had an uncle, let alone one so famous. I suppose, it is for the best that I grew up in ignorance. My teen years were lonely and troubling, and it is likely I would have let the secret slip out or otherwise comprised the great man unwittingly in some moment of weakness had I known of our relationship. Yet, I wonder if you can imagine the great joy that was to be mine the moment I learned I still had a family; and then, the desperate pit of despair which I immediately fell into upon learning of his demise. The grief which overtook me can only be described as an endless hole of loneliness, that seemed to tower above me as I fell endlessly head over heels into a bleak place of hopeless despair.

If I have been too melodramatic, please forgive me. Perhaps I am too anxious, trying to hard. I am new at this.

Please let me assure you that I am healthy in both body and mind. My intent in relating the preceding account has been merely to elucidate on my breadth of character and to assure you of the deep and relatable emotion I am able to call forth at a moments notice. For instance:

I can assure you, I drew upon the full range of my abilities, the deepest reaches of my emotional being, when I opened the

package that came attached to the letter telling me of my uncle's demise.

I am sure you know of the contents, and in truth, something tells me that you, or if not you personally, then someone in your organization was responsible for my receipt of its contents. There was the ring, the gun, and the cape. Presumably, the tights I am to acquire on my own, as to my tastes, and have someone else sew on the trademarked yellow bolt. Um, and I don't mean to sound unprofessional, but can you recommend a seamstress?

Just kidding. But truthfully, it did all seem like a joke... at first. Idly, I had put on the ring as I read the will and testament of Sir Walter Thoondar, a.k.a. V©lt! I guess in my grief stricken state I had fired the gun at my refrigerator. "Cruel world!" I might have said as I squeezed the trigger on what -- I must insist -- looks deceptively like a child's toy and not the supercharged plasma beam weapon that it is. I can only say I am most thankful that I live on a farm several miles from my nearest neighbor.

Well, I will not bore you with the details, the hole through the refrigerator, the farmhouse walls, the barn -- just missing old Betsy -- the tree a half mile away, and so on. Nor will I detail my later examinations of the blown fuses in the junction box, the subsequent irrelevancy of a live wire, or the need for an external power source.

Putting my grief aside as quickly as I could, I realized the world's loss, and resolved to fill the void my uncle's passing had left. The first step was refining my many arts: calling forth lighting, controlling electrical equipment from afar (much harder than it sounds), and other tricks of the trade that I will not elucidate on further. But just by the by, were you aware that V©LT! can travel via telegraph wire? It's not in any of the stories that I've read. And believe it or not there is more, but it may be best not to go into the full breadth and depth of new V©LT!'s improved superhero powers at the present moment.

As you must have suspected from the start, there are certain logistics that need to be addressed first. I must confess to an on-

again off-again love affair with my high school sweetheart. She gets my charge going if you know what I mean, and I am unwilling to engage myself in a project which leaves her behind. Always seeing the benefit of keeping things in the family, I believe that her younger brother would make a fine ©hm's Man, and between the three of us, we would make a compelling, yet unconventional, emotional triangle

However, even after giving it much thought, I haven't gotten anywhere on the notion of who to use as my arch-nemesis. My first choice, of course, would have been @mpere, but I have gleaned from reading the back issues of V©LT! AGE Comics that are at my disposal that he was "done in" by the same accident that killed V©LT! So, perhaps you have some ideas. I'm flexible, which brings me to the main reason for my letter

In light of your previous relationship with my uncle, I am willing to accept the same 10% royalty override agreement that you had with him. I know I am new at this game, but after you consider -- what can only be called -- the cult-like following that V©LT! commands, the current frenzied market in comic collectibles, and the near insatiable demand for retro characters that Hollywood seems to have these days, I believe that I am being most generous in offering a continuation of the arrangement without substantial modifications on either side.

I will of course require final approval of all future story arcs and would like to meet with your comic writers at their earliest convenience. I believe it will be best if we can all come to an agreement as to where V©LT! is going, and no doubt, there will be a fair amount of grooming required to keep this highly dubious origination story from spiraling out of control into a PR nightmare.

Never fear, the new V©LT! is Here!

Wally Thoon'r  
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# **V©LT!**

by Brett Paufler

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So, that's where more pieces like this may be found. Also, if you find this document hosted on any other site, you can rest assured that particular site is run by a bunch of thieving idiots who now owe me at least \$250,000 for copyright infringement. Thieves, because they don't have the right to host this document. Idiots because, well, exactly how hard is it to scrap off a few words at the end of a document (or even read it before you post it)? And \$250,000 because theft comes at a price... a hefty price if I have anything to say about it.

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